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Some Christmas Tips

"If you drink, don't drive."

That admonition to drivers has become a cliché in today's world, but the advice, especially in the midst of this 1964 Christmas season, is still very sound.

With but eight days left before the dawn of Christmas Day, shoppers are filling the stores in their search for the right gift. Traffic has become heavier than usual, and with the rush to make sure everything is just right, sometimes caution is thrown to the wind.

A few people, perhaps even some who are now reading these lines, will not live through this holiday season. Still others will be seriously hurt—perhaps crippled for life—in traffic accidents that for the most part, could be prevented.

There are a few simple rules that could keep Christmas, 1964, from becoming a tragic holiday:

Don't drive if you have had any kind—or any amount—of an alcoholic beverage.

Obey all traffic rules and regulations.

Don't stack packages in such a way as to obstruct the view through car windows and mirrors.

Be prepared for any emergency.

Make sure your car is in good mechanical order.

Watch for pedestrians, especially in the parking areas near shops.

Use signals when turning and exercise extreme care in completing any turning maneuver.

And remember, a little patience and tolerance will go a long way in preventing traffic accidents.

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There are also a few safety rules to apply around the home when decorating the Christmas tree or putting those Christmas lights up on your home:

Use only nonflammable materials on your tree.

Don't overload electrical circuits in your home and use only approved light sets.

Don't allow any open flame, electrical appliance, or other fire hazard near your Christmas tree.

Observance of these simple rules, in traffic or at home, will keep your Christmas a happy and joyous one.

Merry Christmas!

Opinions of Others

TOM FRASER, the local film producer, walked out of his office this week and was hit by a well-dressed panhandler. After Tom had given him a buck, the moocher bowed and beamed, "Perfumed regards, sir, and have my card." It read "Albert McCann PM," and when Tom looked confused, Albert explained: "Stands for Professional Mendicant, sir."

Morning Report:

This is the season to be merry and also to pass bad checks. Before the year is up, a billion dollars' worth of the bum paper will have been palmed off on the unwary.

It's been my experience that merchants are very wary of accepting good checks even though they may be careless about taking in the bad ones.

As I stand nervously waiting for the manager to place his "O.K." on my check, I often wonder how the paper-hangers get away with it. I am well-documented, clean-shaven, neatly pressed, and sober. But am so doubted that I would rather charge it and let the store take its chances on getting paid in the future.

Abe Mellinkoff

BOOKS by William Hogan

'Horse Knows the Way' To New O'Hara Delights

There are 28 stories in "The Horse Knows the Way," a title taken from a line in the venerable verse by Lydia Maria Child (1802-1880) known as "Thanksgiving Day." As an old compiler of O'Hara statistics, I figure this makes a little over 100 stories in four years, and not a bad apple in the barrel. There are the big novels, don't forget, like "From the Terrace," and "Ourselves to Know," that turn up every once in a while, too. So this fellow, pushing 60, remains a writing machine as well as a great observer of American times.

Especially in the short story form, O'Hara is a hard man to avoid once you glimpse at his material. "One day Miles Updgrove, who did not ordinarily notice such things, noticed that Earl Appel came to work in a pair of slippers." This is the first line in a

story here called "All Tied Up." O'Hara pulls you in and won't let you go until the tale is told.

Sometimes it is the second line in an O'Hara story that does it. Like in "Mrs. Allanson." "Back in the days when the motor car provided a precise and subtle index of taste and financial circumstances, the Allansons owned a series of Franklins. . . ."

Unless you spotted some of these in magazines originally, they are not old O'Hara stories. The atmosphere and type of characters are familiar, but each of his stories is a fresh, stirring, nostalgic, perceptive and honest analysis of an American situation.

Although in a foreword to this collection he tells us he is going to lay off the short story form in order to concentrate on longer unfinished business, I'd be surprised



HERE AND THERE by Royce Brier

Churchill's Slow Start Overcome in Later Years

Winston Churchill is a good example of an ordinary, or merely bright, young fellow who turns out to be a great man.

This may be true of a large proportion of historical characters, though not so true of great men in science and the arts. The genius that made Michelangelo and Einstein burned in them in youth.

Young Churchill was not a good scholar, but with Randolph Churchill for a father, it looked as if he might reach Parliament, and a Cabinet post in some far day when he was middle-aged, which is just what happened.

But he had meanwhile taken up Empire writing, and this was fatal. He was a correspondent in the Boer War, was captured and escaped. It made him a minor hero at 25.

He was a voracious reader and a brilliant conversationalist, and important men began to notice Randolph's son. He was full of ideas about how the Empire should be run, some sound, some not so sound, but when he reached Parliament 64 years ago, he had not developed his oratorical style. Yet he had a compelling personality and logic of utterance, and before long he was in a minor cabinet post. When he was brought to the Admiralty in 1911, he raised considerable hell there.

In the Old War he was

chiefly responsible for the Dardanelles campaign, and its failure almost drove him from public life. But Lloyd George made him Minister of Munitions in 1917, and he began his long career of getting things done.

Adolf Hitler made no mistake when he held Churchill to be his most formidable enemy, for Churchill had been both eloquent and stubborn against German aggression for 30 years. So when he became Prime Minister after Chamberlain's war ran down, the die was cast. No statesman of our time

ever saw more adversity, but adversity enriched Winston Churchill. It supported his indomitable will, and gave him a power of words no man in our century has equalled. He was Britain until the orge died in the Fuehrerbunker.

So his growth was slow, and between young manhood and normal old age he lived several lives to achieve what is probably the most memorable human name of a hundred years. Most men do not survive to see such eminence acknowledged, and it is good to know that at 90, he did.

NEWS SPARKS by James Dorais

Professors at Cal Shock Him

To many citizens and taxpayers, the most surprising—even shocking—aspect of the protracted mess at the University of California campus at Berkeley, has been the support of the great majority of the University's professors for the "right" of students to engage in the advocacy of illegal activities.

For years, observations that the faculties at Cal and other state-supported institutions of higher learning are dominated by extreme liberals imbued with dedicated determination to indoctrinate students in their political and economic philosophies—rather than encourage the impartial search for the truth—have been dismissed as right-wing fantasy.

But the events at Berkeley, which saw the majority of faculty members, joined by "prominent citizens" long noted for their affinity for left-wing causes, strongly defending the actions of students engaged in sit-ins and classroom strikes the avowed purpose of which was to disrupt the University, places the matter in clearer perspective.

There can be no question, as revealed in a series of articles by Pulitzer Prize winning reporter Ed Montgomery in the San Francisco Examiner, that identified Communists have been active in the Berkeley riots. Nor is there any question that many of the same beatnik, non-student, and part-time student types arrested for illegal actions in recent Bay Area civil rights demonstrations were active in the protest movement.

But the great majority of the hundreds of students who participated in the demonstrations are "good" students, with records of high academic achievement.

Some faculty members have approvingly pointed out that they consider them their "best" students. They are not Communists. But neither are they "dopes," as they have often been described. They have simply come to believe that it is perfectly ethical to break laws they don't happen to approve.

How did they come to feel that way?

One student was quoted: "The faculty has taken a small hard-core group and made a crowd out of it. Somebody like me. Before, I was apathetic. And now I'm not."

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Some of the students are described as brilliant—an observation that led one writer to point out that Loeb and Leopold were brilliant students, too. On the other hand, as a letter-writer quoted in the San Francisco Chronicle's television column observed, after witnessing a television discussion by the student demonstrators: "What I most seriously object to is the apparent lack of exposure to the study of the English language. . . . It is entirely objectionable to hear these pimple-minded adolescents so brutally abuse the common language we all share (in theory with Milton, Shelley, Shakespeare et al.)."

At the kindergarten level, bringing an apple to the teacher long has been standard procedure for students aspiring to become teachers' pets. If a proposed legislative investigation into the events at Berkeley ever takes place, it would be interesting to inquire into what extent good grades at the university level are achieved by the more sophisticated approach of playing back to the instructors' personal prejudices.

AFTER HOURS by John Morley

Columnists Are Popular Target of Public Ire

NEW YORK CITY—While here at the United Nations, covering the hassle over the Soviet reluctance to pay its rightful share of UN special expenditures and the Israel-Syria dispute, the Negro community in Harlem was aroused to riot pitch by Dr. Martin Luther King with wild accusations against venerable and respected J. Edgar Hoover, director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, and the FBI itself.

Shortly after, Hoover unceremoniously called Nobel Prize winner Dr. King, "the most notorious liar in the country."

During the recent political campaign, candidates and their supporters used such words as "liar, dishonest, phony, misrepresentation, stupidity, crook, fake," in referring to the opposition.

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One wonders why such slanderous statements are directed against public figures who are destined to fill some of the most sensitive and important political offices in the land.

Some of the most prominent citizens are subjected periodically to vilification and slander as the price of prominence and popularity. Criss-crossing the nation, as we do regularly on our lecture-reporting trips, we hear and read an increasing volume and velocity of emotional rather than factual critique, directed at almost anybody with the courage to speak his piece. The criticism is of long range—from sincere disagreement to the most sadistic hate, with little or no regards to facts.

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Newspaper reader reaction is the most unpredictable. A publisher is never quite sure, or prepared, for the tirade of abuse, far exceeding the compliments, which reach his desk. There is a militant fringe in every community which is "against almost everything" a newspaper supports, or a columnist writes. We know from experience—and we welcome any comment, for it sharpens our tools and we realize we are being read.

But irresponsible opinion is hard to cope with. Our column, "After Hours," for instance, has a modest syndication from California to Ohio and we are, of course, in close touch with the newspaper business. Our column does not appear in the Los Angeles Times, but it is circulated in six small newspapers in Los Angeles County alone. Which is to say we have no tieup with the Times.

It is conceded among newspaper men nationally that the Los Angeles Times is probably the finest all-around major newspaper in the country. Its typographical format and readability has no equal. Its editorial diversity, quality of printing, cuts, type, balance, features, are without peer.

Yet this outstanding newspaper is a target of constant unjustifiable abuse, mostly by readers with personal axes to grind, or even by sincere persons who just are not informed of the facts involving the policies, responsibilities and the role of a newspaper.

In conversation with a prominent publisher after our address to a newspaper publishers' national convention in Arizona, we were discussing the abuse and

slander directed against newspapers and columnists—and speakers, for that matter.

His conclusion, born of 45 years experience, was simple and to the point. "It's just the hazard of the trade," he said. "Anyone exposed to public scrutiny is vulnerable."

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We columnists and speakers are the most vulnerable, for we record opinions in our columns and talks on sensitive and controversial subjects. We often defend and quote prominent public officials, who have their ardent supporters as well as bitter enemies. The hazards are multiplied in quoting or commenting on political personalities, for the very power and influence of high public office is often in itself an insurmountable vehicle.

For instance, we recall both Presidents Truman and Kennedy bluntly informing newsmen in informal groups, of which we were a part: "This statement is off the record, and if any of you report it, I will call it a lie."

Every president, from Roosevelt to Johnson, on occasion showed uncontrollable temper. President Truman's intemperate reference to columnist Drew Pearson as "A lying S.O.B." made the headlines. The late President Kennedy publicly rebuked the New York Herald Tribune as "full of lies and distortions," while cancelling his subscription.

From the recent King-Hoover controversy to the persistent daily abuse and name-calling directed at public officials, newspaperers, columnists, or just people in the news, their popularity or personality simply makes them a target of emotional public critique.

Perhaps there is something deep in the viscera of some human beings that must be released to relieve the tension. Perhaps it is a kind of frustration that causes people to explode their intemperate opinions on what they don't like, or disagree with. Perhaps it may be the penalty public personalities have to pay for sticking their necks out. Or it may be just the hazard of the trade.

Our Man Hoppe

A Farewell to Darkest Africa

By Arthur Hoppe

EN ROUTE HOME — Goodby, Africa, you dark and mysterious continent, torn by strife and intrigue, swept by confusion and alarms. Oh, how comforting it will be to get home to the familiar security of our highly civilized society.

It's not that I don't love you, Africa. I do. But you're so raw, Africa, so backward. Your problems are so immense and so strange, compounded as they are by fear, superstition, and ignorance. Oh, how I yearn to unfold a familiar newspaper and catch up on the logical, orderly issues of our sophisticated Western civilization.

How, for example, savage Africa, do you ever hope to solve your burning racial problem? I can't help thinking of such countries as Rhodesia and the Republic of South Africa where the whites cling desperately to the reins of government, striving mightily against all odds to preserve their way of life by denying Africans the vote—the bombings, the terrorism, the jails filled with agitators for equality.

Oh, how good it will be to leave all that behind and get back to the understandable problems of my own rational land. Like, say, Mississippi.

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And your new nations, barbarous Africa! How can you ever hope to prosper under your untrained native leaders? With a few rare exceptions, such as President Kaunda of Zambia and Premier Kenyatta of Kenya, everyone knows how self-seeking and narcissistic your African politicians are. How can self-government thrive with constant internecine struggles for political power and daily scandals of corruption and bribery? Poor Africa, you deserve better.

But, oh, how grand it will be to return to my well-established democracy and responsible party politics. How, I keep asking myself is Mr. Goldwater doing in his efforts to retain control of the GOP? What is new, I wonder, in the case of Mr. Bobby Baker?

And your dreams, unenlightened Africa, of pan-African unity—of one great African nation stretching from the Sahara to the Zambezi. True, it is a glorious dream. But how unobtainable! For each of your backward, barbaric politicians refuses to relinquish an iota of his petty personal power for the common good. How can you ever hope to unify such semi-civilized states?

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Oh, how reassuring it will be to get home to the traditional diplomacy of the Western Alliance, the security of NATO the negotiations with General de Gaulle.

But most of all, fierce Africa, I fear your undercurrent of violence—your Mau Mau, your Congo rebels. You are such a short step from savagery, untamed Africa, that killing your enemies is a constant threat. At any moment in a dozen places hundreds could be slaughtered. How bestial, how brutish, how incomprehensible to our gentle, Christian minds.

Thus, above all, how safe and protected I will feel to be home once again in the shelter of our hundreds of American thermonuclear rockets, able as they are to wipe out every one of our enemies on earth nine times over.

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So farewell, dear Africa—savage, fierce, untamed Africa. I can only pray that in some far distant day, with our wise guidance and example, you will somehow become as rational, responsible, gentle and civilized as we.

Oh, I know it looks hopeless. But oddly enough, deep down in my heart, I feel you show a lot of promise.